

working it out by nancywithagun

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Asexual Character, F/M, M/M, Multi, Polyamory, Polyamory Negotiations, Porn with Feelings, Threesome, consensual voyeurism, just figuring things out, sex-having ace character

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-07-19

Updated: 2021-07-19

Packaged: 2022-03-31 10:50:48

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,601

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jonathan figures some things out when it comes to himself, sex, Nancy and Steve.

working it out

Author's Note:

sex-having ace here. this bitch is personal. please take all sex scenes all with a grain of salt.

anywaize thank u stoncy for being my vehicle for epic relationship projecting once more :3
thank you for reading and enjoy!

Having sex with Nancy- and now having sex with Steve- were two entirely different feelings, he's come to realize.

It feels like a stupid thing to think because, yes, having sex with two different people is bound to feel different. He's not always been someone to think about sex though, since he'd just assumed that he'd either never have sex in his life or that he'd figure something else out. The attraction was never a question- Nancy and Steve are *very* easy on the eyes. The sex part though, that's always been something he's always been unsure of.

There are things that Jonathan pointedly Does Not Think About, and then there's things he enjoys more than breathing. Music is one of those important things, right alongside photography and his family. Sex is one of those things he doesn't like to think about. It's not that he doesn't like sex, not really, it's just that there's no immediate comfort in it. He's awkward, gangly, and really, he's not that great with his coordination in general. His body doesn't tell him what feels good and what doesn't, it just is. Sex feels like a task, and before he had people who wanted him, he was content to just... sort of... pretend he didn't get turned on. Not Thinking about sex was easier than going after it and just finding more disappointment than he could handle.

However.

He's always been a watcher.

Nancy and Steve were easy to watch. They were just so *physical* with

one another, even when they weren't kissing in the hallways or whispering against the lockers. Nancy was just so good at receiving and leaning in close, while Steve took the lead. He was clingy and grabby, two things that Jonathan found almost alien. Nancy didn't seem to mind though, and often kissed back like it was some secret they shared, a quiet moment meant just for them. Jonathan didn't like to be an intruder of course, but the heavy weight of Nancy's eyes shifting from Steve to him was enough to make him flush. He's never enjoyed being an outsider, not when he's always been one, but the gentle acknowledgement, the careful understanding, the casual feeling that he was *allowed* to see it all... he was alright with it.

Granted, now he's learned his lesson now on just how far he should take it, but still.

That night he spent with Nancy, something inside of him shattered the same time that something within him blossomed. She kissed hard and with a lot of passion, mouth pursed and aggressive in the control. She pressed him down and back, using everything- her hands, her body, her mouth- to move him around. He felt lost and hopelessly attracted to her, but the feeling she wanted, the thing she was hoping for, he couldn't give her. Nancy was always someone who knew what she wanted. Jonathan Byers was someone who couldn't tell what he wanted to save his life.

He kissed her and kissed her and kissed her. He felt her gentle thighs, sucked on her skin and licked across the length of her neck. He touched her pussy and fingered her gracelessly, hands shaking and horribly, horribly turned on. Nancy was under him, smiling and flushed, biting at his neck and begging softly. He was overwhelmed, but more importantly, he was hyperaware that he was just sort of... there. His body was reacting, his hands were moving, and really, he should be shaking with the pulse of desire and want. However, he wasn't. Nancy was under him with his hand inside her and all he could think of was- *am I supposed to enjoy this?*

Maybe Nancy thought he was stressed, or maybe she was tired (or maybe she saw right through him), but she slowed him down with a two-handed kiss and a simple request that they wrap it up. They didn't really even know each other, he realized, but worse, he didn't know what she was into. He didn't know if she's into all the touching,

or if she likes kissing or fuck, even if she likes being fingered. She really did all the leading but what was Jonathan supposed to even do? He barely knows what he wants, much less her. She seemed to be alright though, and while her expression showed a tired sort of glee, he couldn't help but feel like he'd done something wrong.

He didn't tell her then, but what made him feel horrible was the emptiness inside of him. He just couldn't get out of his head, and the worst part was that he wasn't sure he wanted to. She was into it, and he guessed that's what mattered. The cold desolate hole that was in place of his own personal pleasure could be dealt with if he could make Nancy feel good. He didn't feel discomfort for touching her, and honestly, the amazement that he even did that was stronger than his own concern towards his sex drive. Nancy deserved to be taken care of, and while he never let himself be honest about it, he always like the idea of holding her close. He knew he was no Steve, and that he wasn't going to wake up tomorrow with a have a high libido and comfort in his body. He couldn't promise a ton of energy and wild enthusiasm. He could, however, promise to try.

Steve came into the picture much later, way after things had sort of settled between him and Nancy to a degree. He had to be honest with her, and while there was a lot of discomfort at first, they were on a similar page now. He liked touching her and he often found himself reaching for her to hold and snuggle. He'd gotten the hang of kissing, and while he still wasn't sure what to do with his hands, he liked that he could try different things with her. She was new at these things to, but luckily for them both, she was very collected about it all. They led each other and tested things slowly, slow enough for Jonathan to catch his breath and ask the right things.

He still couldn't help but feel like Nancy deserved someone who'd respond better though.

Steve had been someone on the edge of their lives for a while now, always dropping off the kids or picking one up. He was cool with Will now somehow, and this made all the difference to Jonathan's view of him. He was softer, more mellowed out after all the fuckshit nonsense they'd been through. He seemed to be always coming and going, but Will told him that the Party was worried about him. *He's lonely*, he'd said, *he always says it's just him and Robin against the world*. He's not

sure why he felt worried for him too, but he supposed there was an understanding there. They'd all dealt with the Upside Down, not to mention the things that they all just kept crossing the same lines. Barb died in his backyard. The demodogs were distracted because of him and the kids. He'd protected them multiple times, even as far to stop Billy from literally killing them all. Not to mention the whole Nancy thing.

It was easier than he thought to give Steve a call and ask to hang out.

It was also easier to touch Steve.

From the moment they reconnected, Steve was unafraid to be physical with him. Nancy always kept her touching to a safe level, nothing too crazy and nothing too much for him to figure out. She used her words to ask for things like kissing and sex, but Steve worked differently. He was expressive and clingy like he'd seen him be with Nancy all those months ago, but this time it was aimed at him. He wasn't afraid to lay his head in Jonathan's lap. He wasn't afraid to hug him from behind. He wasn't afraid to hold him while they slept in the same bed, body pressed to his with intimacy that Nancy gave with mild reservations. There was a care in the way he searched Jonathan for resistance during and after, and while he never gave any indication of weariness, Steve always seemed to know when to back off.

The attention on him wasn't the only thing though, not really. Nancy melted back into him with ease, seemingly already aware of how to work with him despite their time apart. *She's missed this*, he realized. Nancy missed the way Steve knew what he was doing. She missed his confident hugs and his willingness to take some action. He needed hugs, he needed cuddles, and when the time came, he needed kisses.

The idea of a threesome between them came just a month before Jonathan was due to move away. Their weird little triangle had only gotten more confusing and more convoluted as time passed on, and Jonathan wasn't going to say he wasn't a big reason. He liked the closeness that Nancy and Steve had come back to, but he still wanted Nancy to be his. Oddly though, he found himself being possessive of Steve and Nancy's relationship, too. The way they were looking at each other, the way the cuddled on the couch, the way they shared a

sundae, that was all his. Nancy kissing Steve on the doorstep was his. Steve making out with Nancy on the counter was his. It felt silly and weird, but the idea of Steve leaving this behind or Nancy moving on past it made him feel nervous.

“Do you want to have sex with Nancy?” he asked Steve, hands shaking as he took what he hoped looked like a careless drag of his cigarette. Steve startled and gave him a strange look, somewhere between hopeful and disappointed.

“Do you *want* me to have sex with Nancy?” he countered. They’d both been pretty relaxed about the whole Nancy thing, and while Steve often asked about things when they mattered, they never really... addressed it. Jonathan found himself shrugging.

“I mean, you guys have just gotten so close recently, and I can tell Nancy’s really enjoying herself. I think it might be nice.” He said awkwardly.

“Listen man, I’ve been really enjoying myself lately with Nancy and- and with you, but I’m not going to be a part of some weird cuckolding thing- “

Jonathan flushed and looked up, waving him off. “No, no, that’s not- no way. Not like that. I’m just... I’m just saying you can, if you want. I won’t be jealous. Nancy’s happiness matters to me, and you make her happy.”

“What about you?” Steve asked, and took a drag off Jonathan’s cigarette. He watched the smoke blow out of his mouth slowly and blinked, barely even internalizing the question.

“Me?” he asked, mind blank.

“Yeah, you. What do you want?” he asked quietly. “Nance has been hard pressed to give me any details about what you two have, and I mean, it’s your business but... don’t go making yourself miserable just for Nancy.”

“I’m not.” He said strongly. He may not know the details of what he wants, but he knows what he likes. He likes it best when Nancy gets

what she wants, and best if he can offer it to her. He wants Steve to kiss her and touch her how she likes. Truthfully- "I want to watch."

"Watch?" Steve said, barely concealing his shock. Jonathan nodded. He's always liked the way Steve leads Nancy, the way he kisses her with passion and the way she responds. He likes the way they both know Nancy in bed, and now that he's said it, he likes the idea of them both seeing her in bed *at the same time*. He's always been watching, but this time it's his request. He'll be a part of it on purpose.

"I hope that's not... too weird." He said after a moment of silence lapsed, taking a short drag and coughing lightly into his sleeve. Steve was quiet for way too long, and Jonathan could feel himself start to backtrack. "Listen- "

"Yes." Steve said, cutting him off. "Yeah, yes, let's do it."

"You're- you're serious." Jonathan asked, eyes wide. Steve seemed to be in just as much disbelief, but he nodded confidently. He was serious. They were doing it. It was really going to happen.

Getting Nancy onboard was easy enough, though her interest was less in Steve having sex with her and more in that Jonathan had asked. She seemed mesmerized by the way he and Steve broke her the events of their outdoor man-to-man talk, mystified that they'd even had that talk on their own, without her.

"I didn't think you two were capable of talking things out." She said with a laugh, ears pink. "I feel like I should be handing out gold stars."

"I don't think arranging a threesome is really what some could call a heart to heart." Jonathan said, trying to sound as unaffected as he could. He still couldn't believe he was doing this. He could barely believe Nancy and Steve agreed so fast. In truth, he's known that he was the weaker link. He wasn't strong or sexy, and really, his personality left little to be desired. He's past thinking so badly of himself (he's kept Nancy this long, hasn't he?), but Steve's always been a decent threat. Simply put, Jonathan knows that Steve has so much more to offer than he does. He knows that whatever bond he

and Steve have struck is hinged on Nancy's interest. He knows that he has more to lose with this than any of them.

But the way Steve was looking at Nancy was something to be reckoned with, not to mention Nancy's wide, knowing smile aimed right back- Jonathan knew he was doing the right thing. He knows that Nancy loves him. He knows that Steve loves Nancy. He's not sure of how Nancy feels towards Steve, but he's not dumb.

They decide to have it that night since Steve can't wait, and Jonathan is not sure if he'll have this confidence ever again. They haven't talked much about the what and how, but according to Nancy, Steve's always been a find-out-as-we-fuck kind of guy. Jonathan figures he'll just be in a chair on the side, watching and listening to the scene before him, but Steve quickly puts that thought out. He pulls Jonathan down on the mattress and tells him that he should sit there so he can be close to the action. Close enough to help out. Wink. Nudge.

Jonathan instantly thinks he is way over his head.

Steve moves right along though, pulling Nancy into a kiss and expertly working on unzipping her dress with the hand not cupping her neck. He's always had a natural confidence in him and in the way he moves and watching him do it so easily made something in Jonathan yearn. Nancy squeaks and kisses back with force, running her hands under his sweater and up the mole-dappled skin of his sides. They both break the kiss to undress a little more- Nancy taking her dress off and Steve yanking his sweater off. The two of them know each other so well its sort of beautiful to watch them kiss, Nancy unrelenting and Steve pliant, giving.

Nancy is pushed down onto the bed mid-kiss, Steve leaning over her with all the gusto and care in the world. Jonathan feels a bit like they're putting up on a show, and he's the lucky audience member brought up on stage. He scoots over a little to give them room to kiss, but Steve pulls up with a grunt and looks at him with a love-made flush.

"Won't you kiss her for a sec? I've got to get this damn belt off." He said simply. "Nance is terrible at taking belts off."

"I've gotten better." She panted, smiling up at them. Her hands reached for Jonathan though, and more eager than he realized, he leaned down and kissed her. He's always loved kissing Nancy. She's just so damn perfect.

Steve made a weak little noise though, distracting enough to make Jonathan look. Steve's already pink cheeked and half-hard, obvious in his now visible briefs. Huh. He didn't think Steve was a brief-wearing guy. Steve slides up beside him, close enough for his warm, smooth skin to brush up on Jonathan's arm. Jonathan scoots over, just a little, and watches as Steve takes back over.

Jonathan found himself drawn to the little things, the things he normally doesn't get to enjoy while he's freaking out trying to have sex with Nancy alone. He watched Nancy's face as Steve started to finger her, her eyebrows pinched and mouth opening ever-so-slightly to let out her soft little noises. Her legs spread and shake a little at the strain, but Steve kept pace. He watched her back arch up a little when Steve changed the angle, mesmerized by the way her breasts pressed against Steve's own chest. Nancy is beautiful, but seeing her like this, pleased and enjoying herself, is something to behold.

He watched Steve too, a little shyly. He watched the muscles in Steve's arms work as he fucked Nancy with his fingers and stared at the way he ground his cock against her thigh almost mindlessly. Their set up seemed a little awkward but they're both flushed and whining, so Jonathan thinks they've got it handled. Steve's chest is surprisingly hairy, and as Nancy leaned up and pawed at his underwear, he marveled at the way the hair continued down. He pulled his hand away from Nancy's pussy, chest heaving, and skin frosted with a sheen of sweat. He's handsome. Jonathan has known that for years, but it seemed like only now that he's come to the realization of just *how* handsome he is.

He grunted a little as Nancy dipped her hand into his briefs, looking at him intensely as she started to work him with her hand. Jonathan's own dick seemed to be interested too, but all he could think of is the way that Nancy is rolled her wrist with every pump and the way she looked at Steve like he's prey. There are two sides to Nancy during sex: controlling and receiving. Right now, she's controlling things, biting at Steve's neck and jacking him off with such command that

even Jonathan felt the heat. Her receiving is nice too since she took everything so well, but Jonathan loves to have her lead. Steve, evidently, liked it too.

“He won’t last long.” He found himself saying, voice coming out almost lazily. Nancy nodded with a sex-worn smile; Steve only whimpered a little and fell back onto the bed, close enough for Jonathan’s leg hair to touch his shoulder. Nancy doesn’t stop though, and Jonathan watches in amazement as Steve came with a silent whine. He sunk into the bed and seemed nearly delirious, but by Nancy’s proud look, that was a good thing.

“He always passes out after coming. It’s kind of cute.” She said softly, moving her hair behind her ear and giving Jonathan a soft look. “I’m glad you asked for this. Did you enjoy watching?”

“Yeah.” He said, honesty coloring every part of his tone. “Did you?”

She nodded, casting Steve’s sleeping body a gentle look. “I missed it, but I wasn’t sure how to say it. I’m glad you’re here though. I don’t think- I couldn’t- It’s *Steve*. I don’t want to lose you, but I think I’m still... I don’t know. There’s something there.”

“It’s okay if you still love him, Nance.” Jonathan said quietly. “I don’t think you’re bad for loving him.”

“But you’re okay with this? With your girlfriend having sex and being in love with her ex?” Nancy asked, not unkind but sharp with question. He knew that it sounded ridiculous and painful. He knew it made him look like a loser for wanting it. But-

“You’re happy, right? This isn’t just my girlfriend having sex and being in love with some guy. You just said it- it’s Steve. I think- I don’t know. He can give you this and make you happy, and that’s what I want. I want you to be happy.” Jonathan said solidly. “I know it’s weird and whatever, but I’m not like him. I don’t like sex like that, and honestly? I’m glad we have Steve. I think this is what we need.”

Nancy stilled and looked at him, moving to pull the blanket up a little so that she wasn’t completely naked. “You think so?”

“I do.” He said, feeling woozy with all the pressure of the moment. “I really, really enjoyed tonight. I think, maybe, we should do it again.”

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So, they did.

The reality that Jonathan was moving sort of added pressure, but really, he was more convinced it was the opening of that door that ignited it all. Steve was an insatiable bastard it seemed, and by his own account, this new spree of sex-having was also in part to his months long dry spell he endured after breaking up with Nancy. They fucked in Jonathan’s room. They fucked in Steve’s room. On Steve’s couch. In Steve’s kitchen. Hell, they even fucked in Nancy’s bedroom, leaving Jonathan to hush them periodically and for Steve to eventually just smother himself in one of Nancy’s frilly pillows. Every time it was Steve on Nancy, with Jonathan on the side to watch. Every time was better than the last, and Jonathan found himself anticipating the next round.

He wondered if Steve was going to ever ask why he didn’t get involved, because by now he had to have realized it wasn’t because of him. Jonathan watched Steve as much as he watched Nancy, and sometimes in the heat of it all, Steve watched back. Once even, Jonathan held Steve as Nancy jacked him off, kissing her over his shoulder like it was the most normal thing in the world. Jonathan had always held a mild interest in guys, just as he had in girls, and often felt equally on physical attraction to both. The kids at school made fun of him for it, but the truth was that sex with either usually sounded boring or taxing. Steve and Nancy, however, were far from boring. He’d always assumed that this would be about Nancy, for Nancy, with Nancy. He also assumed that Steve was just putting up with Jonathan’s presence there because he didn’t mind the extra body and wanted to fuck Nancy any way he could.

He wasn’t expecting Steve to want to fuck him.

“What?” he asked, voice wild with shock. “Me?”

“Byers. You’ve been watching me fuck Nancy for the better part of a month. You can’t seriously be shocked.” Steve said, but his cheeks

were burned hot, and his ears were red.

"I'm not Nancy though." Jonathan sputtered, feeling overwhelmed and uncertain. It felt a little like the first time he had sex with Nancy, back when he felt like all he could offer wasn't enough. Steve wanted sex with a guy who didn't know the first thing about pleasuring someone, much less himself. He wanted sex with a guy who wasn't even sure how to kiss properly.

"Dude, I know. That's what I want." Steve huffed. "Listen, me and Nance talked about it, and she said some shit about how I'm being stupid, and how we just need to kiss already or something. She usually knows what she's talking about."

"I know, but have you considered that I'm *not* Nancy? Are you even into guys?" He said wildly, still not certain this conversation was real. "I can't offer you passionate sex, or whatever."

"You *can* kiss me, though." Steve replied, earnest and unbothered. Jonathan could only blink. Steve rolled his eyes. "Look, I'm not trying to make this into a huge thing, I just think it could work. You're a hunk, I'm handsome, and if you really need the extra bonus, I think Nancy would wet herself at the sight of us making out."

"I- yeah, I guess." He stuttered, and Steve smiled at him.

"I'm gonna move it slow, alright? Nancy told me you're not really into the hard and fast thing." Steve said, soft and relaxed. "Come here and kiss me, Byers."

Steve had always been easier to touch, but now that they were close with the intention for intimacy, Jonathan could barely keep his heart still. Steve leaned in and kissed first, lips softer and more pliant than Nancy's. Jonathan leaned in and kissed back, tilting a little for the angle. Kissing was always a lazy sort of affection for him, and by the gentle press of Steve's lips on his, he was relieved to find it no more than that for Steve too.

The kissing lasted awhile, just swaying back and forth, kissing and breathing. Steve licked at Jonathan's mouth a couple times- and he liked the feeling- but the real rush came when Steve let himself be

kissed. There was no competition, no aggressive pushing or pulling, not even a passive kiss to give casual affection. Steve was melting at the easy kissing Jonathan was offering, and that only served to make him more handsy.

Jonathan Byers did not fuck Steve Harrington that night, but he did kiss his inner thighs. He did not suck his cock, nor did he jack him off, but he did spend a careful amount of time just kissing him and running his hands along Steve's strong back. Steve's clothes were on the floor, crumpled and saved from the beading precum on Steve's dick, but Jonathan kept most of his clothes on. His shirt was discarded- something Steve had asked for- and his socks were off – another Steve thing- but his jeans and boxers were still on. He marveled at the way Steve responded to his touch, almost as if the presence of Jonathan alone was doing something for him, only amplified by direct contact. He realized his own eagerness was caused by the Steve's reaction and how easily he seemed to be enjoying himself. Steve was having a good time, and Jonathan was causing it. Jonathan bit at Steve's neck and sucked, not for his own needs but for the sound Steve whining at the pressure. He knew he was hard (he knew Steve was hard too) but this was already bordering on too much. He pulled away a few kisses later, flushed, turned on, and very pleased with the undone state of Steve Harrington on the bed.

Something in Jonathan Byers eased that night, something he didn't even realize he'd been worried about. For some reason, he'd spent all that time concerned that Steve and Nancy were going to move on, or that at very least, he'd be able to fade into the background while they took hold of the center. He believed his inability to offer sex was something that cursed him, even when he himself didn't mind it. He'd always been somewhat at peace with the empty feeling, content to be that way forever if needed. Steve and Nancy though, they were special. They made him feel included and important, not matter how odd and unconventional the needs. He *wanted* to watch. He *wanted* to wind them up. He wanted to be involved, even if just to be there with them in the moment.

He wasn't sure what the future held, but he was sure that he was in good hands.